



## 2018 FINALISTS (in alphabetical order)

**AntSraith Móir inár tógadh mé / Srahmore is the place I chose as my own  
(Inspired by An Gleann inár Tógadh Mé by Douglas Hyde)**

Tá a fhios agam go bhog mé theach  
Agus aithrú an áit a bím ag sproai  
Ach ní tógadh mé an áit sin ríomh mar  
Thóg mé gleann in aice le loch  
Sa gleann sin tá teach beag buí  
Agus sa teach sin atá mo chroí.

I know that I moved house  
And I changed the place where I play  
But I can never take that place as my own  
Because I chose a valley beside a lake  
And in that valley, there is a little yellow house  
And my heart is in that house.

**Sadhbh Barclay Ní Dhaighre (11)**

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### **Poland**

When I burst open a plump plum  
covered with chocolate  
the sweet mix of juice and rich coca reminds me of zesty lemons, the juice flying everywhere  
on the old table  
in the old house,  
in the wooden village.

Or the plumph when I close  
a leather bound book  
reminds me  
of her loving hands,  
frail hands,  
but always there,

always home,  
always warm.

Or when I wrap up first  
in a fluffy winter coat  
I'm drifting down the river,  
gently,  
passing tiny daisies-

And the soft hands are stodkie  
and the heavy dust  
when turn the strona  
means the world,  
and the daisies  
mają ciepłe serca.

**Jan Borysiak (13)**

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### **The Moors**

These hills that rise and roll and ripple  
Like a dream or a tune or a turning-tide  
These hundreds and thousands of burring bees  
These thousands and millions and billions of bells  
These honey clouds of pollen and scent  
All rolled by the land to an imperial robe  
Of purple, slow and sweet and sweeping  
Purple like sundown summer skies  
Purple like a peacock butterfly's eye  
Purple like dye from a murex shell  
A robe for the high-throned sun-crowned summer hills  
Whose bee-filled bell-rung empire cannot fall  
These purple bells that peal together  
From sky to moor and moor to sky  
They ring and echo and tremble and sing  
Not for one or two or twelve 'o clock  
But they ring for all time  
For never and forever  
They ring for the rise and the roll and the ripple  
Of tens and hundreds and thousands of years  
They ring for the heather heavy hills

**Ida Crawford (12)**

## **No jist haud on! And read my poem. It's a dreich day!**

Why in haggis do I love my country?  
There are millions of reasons to me  
One of them is the neaps and tattis  
The other is the unlimited class tea  
And don't get me started on the bonnie folk  
Who might not be able to see?  
The amount of lochs and glens  
And don't get me started on trees

Our logo is the wee purple nuisance  
Like me, delicate but strong  
Other countries say it looks like a weed  
Those who are Scottish know that they're wrong  
Even the coos meandering in the country  
Have Scottish blood flowing thick and true  
And know that the scots code of honour is  
I will always stand by you

I'll scream this poem, at the very top of my bag pipes  
Because even the proud English and the rest  
Know a very simple fact which is  
We Scots are solely the best.

## **Charlotte Harris (13)**

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### **Nana's House**

If I try,  
Scrutinized.  
I can remember.

*Birds...*  
*They were bending the crucible blue of the sky.*  
*Gently scraping the Afro-tufted trees*  
*And fuzzy, hairline wires.*  
*Forbidden to swoop*  
*As low as the bleached shed.*  
*Unknown spiders dwell in there.*

That old home.

*Then....*  
*The sky ignited.*  
*My feet, sizzled and tingled,*

*On her crosspatch slates.  
The weeds eavesdrapping on her gardens grandeur.*

*And her door,  
with the lumpy glass,  
and obnoxious knocker,  
Previously represented love and goodness.  
Now symbols memories.  
Memories that I don't want to remember.*

*Her diamond windows,  
where light bleached in,  
through an eclipse in reality,  
lightening the curtains  
penetrating through parents shallow laughter.  
Our laughter.  
At the secrets we don't know.*

That old home.

*Endless mirrors,  
spartan bed and rocky pillows.  
Speckled concrete and bloody car.  
Roasted weeds and  
flushed rose buds,  
used to stare at the sun, in elation.*

*Pastelled wall shades,  
melt to paste.  
When you're told, beneath a star of clocks.  
While you wouldn't touch,  
that creaky step.  
For it would disturb her.  
Too late.  
She kissed the night goodbye.*

*Yellow bedroom. Like scurvy toothpaste.  
Appliquéd happiness. Stuffed with sorrow.  
Unable to fall.  
With the gentle singing of the train.  
Until the stars fell with me.*

Stop....

*Hearse. What right did it have?  
It's all a plain pencilled drawing. Maybe.  
Asthmatic eyes.  
And the souls. Remember me? Fake smiles.*

*While I longed to scream.  
Why are people celebrating?  
Zip the house up and cower.*

*I can remember.....  
The empty silence....  
I can't talk to her.  
Crestfallen organs.  
Better place now  
Then.... whatever!*

*Drawling days and sugar...*

*I can remember  
the absence ~  
Of the birds that day.*

*It's not a home, just a house,  
Now that Nana's gone.*

**Niamh McCarthy (13)**

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### **A Messy Room is Not a Messy Mind!**

*A brush over here and a textbook there,  
Here in the bedroom is a dirty lair,  
Dolls and toys line the crooked shelves,  
Thick Christmas leaves cover the mischievous elves,  
Candy canes dotted around the place,  
Trying to outnumber the strawberry lace.*

*The quilt and the sheets have become good friends,  
Bonded by sweat as they meet their end,  
Walls painted in a dull blue hue,  
Round glasses ever so slightly askew,  
School bag thrown across the hard floor,  
Everything barricading the blue door.*

*An open window lets in a breeze,  
So fierce that there's an imminent freeze,  
Shirts are creased and covered in grease,  
It's so dirty we need the clothes police,  
The room needs quite a few bits and bobs,  
It will certainly provide a few more jobs.*

*Two times two is a juicy four,*

When you add another you get one more,  
Times tables posters stuck on the wall,  
But the peeling plaster has made them fall,  
Can't do the maths questions from the rotary,  
So I might try my hand at...some POETRY!

## Joseph Oduyemi (12)

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### My World

People always ask me,  
"Where is it that you're from?"  
I will always respond with the same old words,  
"My home has long since gone."

Now please don't be embarrassed,  
it's not rude of you to ask.  
I used to live on a land called Earth,  
with hills and water vast.

But, alas, one day, my planet died,  
and with it, I went down.  
The world around slowly began to decay,  
fresh green all turned to brown.

Now it wasn't a meteor that killed my home,  
nor an invasion from outer space.  
My land was murdered in plain sight,  
killed by the human race.

The water become polluted,  
on plastic, nature choked.  
Protective layers slowly burnt away,  
from cities filled with smoke.

Now don't go thinking that's all there was  
that my planet had to give.  
The world in which I spent my time  
was a joyous place to live.

The bright pink flowers,  
and the fresh green grass.  
I know, in the end, my world's demise  
came around too fast.

Yet, something within me still resides

back to that distant rock.

I know that something could've been done  
to make the madness stop.

Maybe I'm just being hopeful again,  
that's usually the case.

But, this land reminds me of my home,  
that lonely little place.

I hope that clears up any questions  
that in your mind you had engraved.  
Please don't make the mistake I did.  
After all, your world can be saved.

**Annaliese Paskins (13)**









